

The Falcon Can Hear The Falconer

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by

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### Cast Of Characters

|          |                                    |
|----------|------------------------------------|
| Marsha   | A woman in her late 20's.          |
| Marshall | Marsha's imaginary friend.         |
| Steve    | A paramedic in his early 20's.     |
| Rob      | Steve's partner, also in his 20's. |

### Scene

A car, anywhere.

### Time

Winter, any time.

ACT IScene 1: In Medias Res

SETTING: Inside of a broken VW Bug. Marshall is sitting next to Marsha in the passenger seat. Both should appear to be driving and navigating traffic in opposite directions as they talk.

AT RISE: We find Marsha in mid-conversation with Marshall.

MARSHA

I can hear the student's voices.

MARSHALL

While driving?

MARSHA

Before bed.

MARSHALL

(Pretends to be Marsha making a call. Quite loud.)

Hello? Steven King? I'm stuck in traffic, thought I would give you a call. Marsha Cohen here. Boy do I have a story for you. This time? The horror comes from people! Children! (Beat) What? No. No clowns. No spiders either. (Pause) No Steven, this story doesn't involve spider clowns in any way. What? Hello?(Pause) Huh ... maybe Koontz might be interested ...

MARSHA

I do hear voices.

MARSHALL

You're the obvious kind of crazy Marsha, of course you hear voices. You're talking to yourself right now.

MARSHA

Jealous Marshall? Why can't I have more than one imaginary friend? Why not an imaginary class that talks to me when I try to sleep?

MARSHALL (Annoyed at this revelation)

Fine. Fine. What do they say, Charles Xavier?

MARSHA

There are no unique voices. I can hear you. I can't hear them. They sounds like an insect hive. Individual voices drown amidst the buzzing. The collective speaks but it has nothing to say.

MARSHALL

We work with children Marsha. Not bees. Children hit. Bees sting. Very different. Cars honk. Look at that idiot over there, honking away like it means something to the guy in front of him. That is drowning amidst noise--

MARSHA

Maybe my sanity is slipping too. The students saw me talking to you yesterday. They saw me talking to a locker. I can't do this for much longer. I am so bored with my life. My soul drowned and I'm left going through the motions. I don't want this.

MARSHALL

We do what we have to. Not what we want to.

MARSHA

I've done what I have to since I was sixteen. When will I get to do what I want?

MARSHALL

Never.

MARSHA (Irritated)

Never? Forget you, Marshall. (Pause) Some imaginary friend ...  
You're supposed to encourage me!

MARSHALL

You have the same life anyone in the traffic around us has. You don't get a turn. Shelve the entitlement. We work, we owe, we die.

MARSHA

You left out children. We breed too. Some of us want to breed.

MARSHALL

I'm a man. That's a consequence we don't think about.

MARSHA (Sighing)

What a disappointment.

Marshall

Life: A constant string of disappointments punctuated by drips of hope.

MARSHA

What's wrong with you? You're not usually this depressing in the morning. That usually happens after first period.

MARSHALL

You're out of Xanax. We can only be happy when you're popping them.

MARSHA

Xanax or not, I'm not depressed enough to agree with you.

MARSHALL

Really? Think about it. You're told at age six you can be anything. You're told at 15 that you need a job, so you can pay for being anything you want. You're told at 17 to plan for college and get a degree in anything you want, unless you have overbearing parents who picked your major and threatened to cut you off if you don't follow their wishes.

You're told at 23 that you can't be anything you want, at the moment, because you have to pay off your student loans. You can't get a job. There are no jobs in the field you want, at least not in the United States. (Pause) It's too expensive to move to Bangalore and you don't have a chance there. You have credit card debt. You choke on bills until you panic and take a "temporary" job.

MARSHA

Marshall. Let's just focus on the road. People are driving like human hemorrhoids. We can talk about this --

MARSHALL (Ignoring her)

Later? Like your dreams? The dream gets deferred. Constantly. After not finding a job you go to graduate school. You have no idea what you're doing, but maybe a Master's, or God forbid, a Ph. D. will help you get that job you've always wanted. At 26, you leave with more debt, a spouse, and maybe, a baby. Then you find out you're over qualified and no one wants you because they can't afford to hire you.

Now you have to pay off school, support your spouse, and prepare for your kid. Where's your dream now? (Pause.)

You're thirty, you have debt, working a job you hate, and it's going to get worse. You'll get older, less attractive, America will forget about you, we only like pretty young people. Your temporary-turned-permanent job will fire you without thought, and then what? You'll wake up one day in a nursing home. Where's the life you dreamed about? Bed pans, IV, and General Hospital? My God, you reached for the stars ...

I don't think about the children you teach or the children you want to bear. Children are our future? It's like George Carlin says, "Fuck the children."

MARSHA (Defeated)

I ... I don't even remember what I wanted to be.

MARSHALL

Where'd the dream go?

MARSHA

I lost track of it.

MARSHALL

Hah. Don't we all? Look at us. You and your imaginary friend, off to another miserable day teaching the voiceless. You spend hours teaching something no one will ever use again. Photosynthesis? Fuck photosynthesis. (Pause)

You come home, you're exhausted. In those five hours between work and sleep, you take care of your spouse. On the weekend, you go to the mall and look at things you can't afford. You can't think of anything else to do, and you don't do anything productive because that would be work and work is for the week day. (Pause) How's that dream coming?

MARSHA

I'm pregnant.

MARSHALL

Disappointment.

MARSHA

You're wrong. I've always wanted to have a baby. Even with Harry dead, I still want to have his baby. I did these things by choice, not because someone told me to. It might not have worked how I imagined ... I don't even remember what I imagined ... but I'm happy. I'm happy in ways you can never be. Maybe it's time I up the medication. I don't need my subconscious depressing me or making me ...

MARSHA  
Suicidal

MARSHALL  
Suicidal.

(The car veers off the road. Both actors turn the wheel in opposite directions.)

MARSHA

MARSHALL

Brakes!

Gas!

(The car crashes. The lights fade.)

MARSHA

Did I let go of the wheel or did it let go of me?

(The lights return with Steve and Rob emerging on stage. Marshall is missing. Marsha is lying down on the floor.)

STEVE

Whoa. I don't know why they bothered calling us.

ROB

They're better off, we're wasting time here. We could actually be saving someone. This --

STEVE

Is out of our hands. Let's go.

MARSHA

Let's go? What do you mean let's go?

ROB(Overlapping Martha)

Let's go? We still have to take her to the hospital.



STEVE

Hey, I have to take her to the hospital, but I don't want to. She's just going to take a spot from someone who has chance.

MARSHA

What the hell? A chance? There's always a chance. That's what life is a chance--

ROB

A chance. We're wasting time, if we take her to the hospital now, she still might have a shot. There's still a pulse.

STEVE

Pulse or not, in another minute or two, she'll be dead. Until then we down some more beers in the truck.

ROB

There's still a pulse. Let's give her another chance. Even if it's a slim one ... it's still the best she has ...

STEVE

We're wasting valuable drinking time, Rob.

ROB

Just once. Just once, Steve. I would like to save someone. Anyone. Why not her? --

MARSHALL

--"Why not", he says. I can smell his breath from here.

MARSHA

You're back.

MARSHALL

You're dead.

MARSHA

I haven't had a chance to notice.

MARSHALL

There's still a few moments left. Who knows, maybe you'll get lucky.

MARSHA

I'm due for a chance. I'm due, aren't I?

MARSHALL

You're fucked.

MARSHA

You don't seem concerned. If I go ...

MARSHALL

I know. But ... I'm ready to go. I'm going to suggest we get buried without the box. Face up. So we can watch the curtain close on this disappointing, miserable ...

MARSHA

-- If this is my last moments on earth, I rather cheer myself on in an ambulance than listen to you. If I get a second chance, you're not welcome to it. Goodbye Marshall. (Marsha storms off stage).

(End Of Scene)